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By D. W. C. CLARKE,

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" What the waves were always saying." "Why will it never stop, Floy"! he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!"

"How first the river runs, between its green banks and the reshes! But it seeps near the sea. Thear the waves! They always said so."—Dombey & Sia.

He told us not! that gentle boy, What the restless waves were saying, Whose rapid motion bore him on, Nover, ch! never staying

But to their wild, mearthly monu. His spirit aye was listening ; And the golden light opon the wall To his dreamy eye was glistening. He told us not! but we may hear Them sounding, sounding ever, As the fragile back of life glides on, Allown Time's rapid river

Voice of the deep! thy cadence brings Words ne'er by mortal spoken, Deep in the soul an echo lies.

Success of unseen realities. With every wave is blending; And thrilling low the far response, From th' ocean where they 're tending,

But, oh how fast the river rous! Through th' tall reeds how it gushes Which stand like way-marks in the flood Where it sways the slender rushes.

Tisbearing us away, away, And deeper yet the ocean's roar O'er the watery waste is booming.

But hark! methinks torever more, Forever, and forever, And immertality, and life, And never, never, never, The waves on that eternal shore Are saying ever, ever.

> Song of the Soil. BY J. R. S. BAILLY.

I start the bud of the beautiful flower,
And feel the bloom of the wild wood bower;
I rear the had of the tender herb,
And the trunk of the stalwart oak I curb;
I lorec the sap of the mountain pine,
And carb the tendrifs of the vine;
I robe the forest, and clothe the plain
With the ripest of fruits and the richest of grain.

The check of the peasant I clothe with health, And yield the stardy veoman wealth; I give the spirit of commerce wings, And prop the tottering throne of kings—The gorgeous palace and the hundsle cot Owe every atout to me they've got—And the prince at the banquet, and the hind at his board.

Alike must depend on the fare I afford.

Man may boost of his creaturely might— His talents in peace, and process in light; And ionl it over the beast and bird. And local it over the beast and hird.

By the charm of his touch and the spell of his word.

But I am the sole and mighty source.

Whence flows the tide of his boasted force—
Whatever his right, and whoever he be,

His pomp and dominion must come from mr.!

I am the giver of all that's good, Where's there wealth on occan, or beauty on land, But sprang from the warmth of my fostering hand? Or where the object fair and free.
That claims a being, but's traced to me? Cherish, then cherish, ye sons of tail.
The wonderful might of the fruital soil!

And whence, says the Christian, dost thou obtain This power so mighty, of which thou art vain t

Are only thine own, as the gift of thy God.





good milk as an article of food. The we were objects of considerable interest, we best pieces of beef now cost in the city eight made our debut in the grand Place of the town cents a pound, and milk four cents a quart, a widish kind of street, crowded at the time with which will weigh a little over two pounds. By country people, carts, cattle, and other material-taking a quart of milk as furnished by the Ro- of a market-day, in which were included several

the railway without his consent. He was, in now open to the park-line lawn that bounds it on act, done out of a road for his cows; and in his the north, and in which are situated the various pinion it was a very hard case. Instead of be-ng guilty of injuring the railway, the railway to the arrival of the steward, who was kindly de-

For the second of the individual content of

ty; and hence the probability of insuring the
greater accuracy in the reflecting than in the
refracting or lens telescope.

Lord Rosse, at the outset, abandoned the
however, that the telescope is lowered in wet spherical form altogether, and endeavored to pro-duce a true parabolic speculum, which should be case, the corer of which is withdrawn by an ex-